THE
NATION

JUNE 6, 1959 . . 25c

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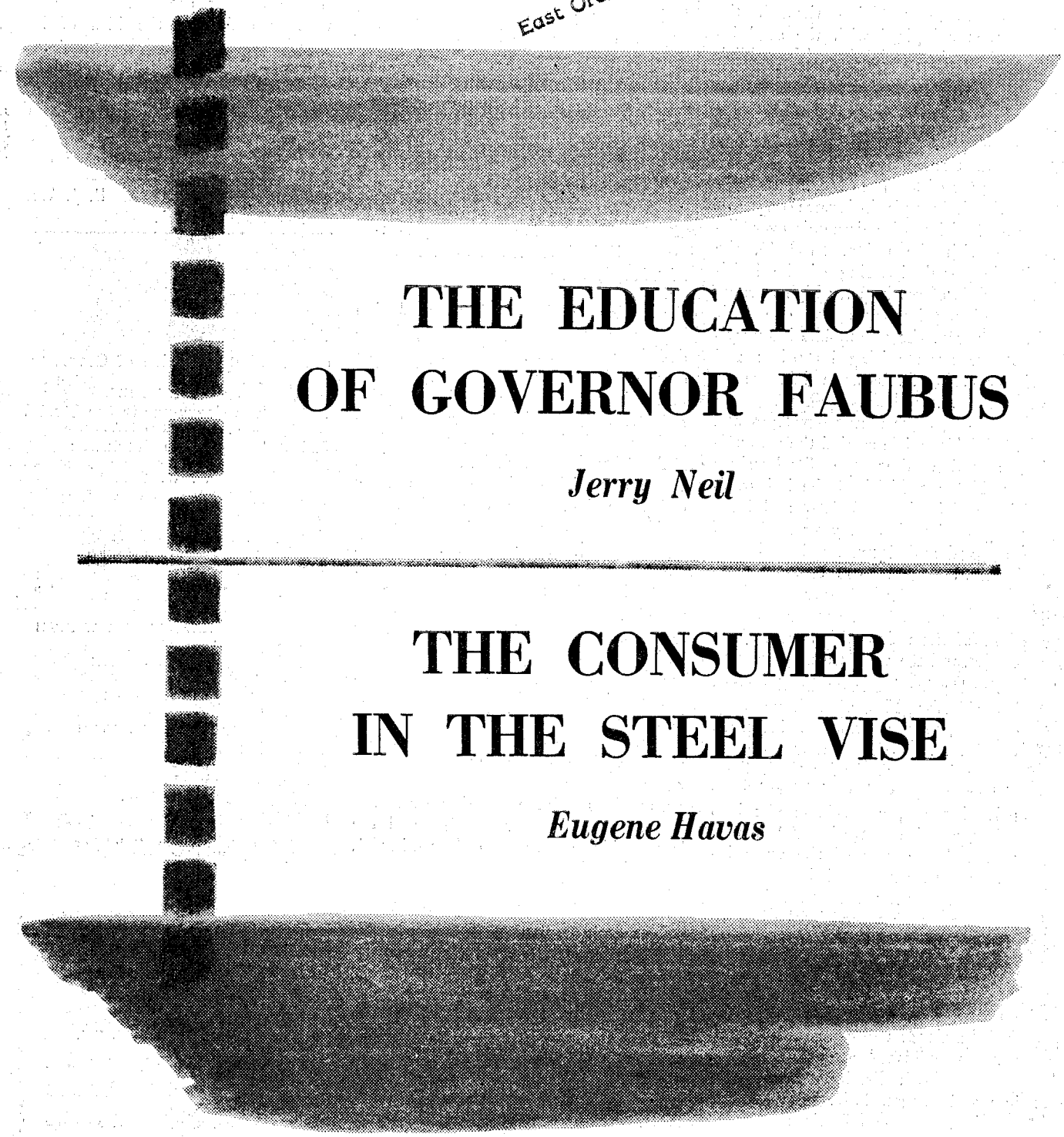

THE EDUCATION OF GOVERNOR FAUBUS

Jerry Neil

THE CONSUMER IN THE STEEL VISE

Eugene Havas

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LETTERS

[*For more on the steel strike, see page* 510. — Ed.]

Collusion in Steel?

Dear Sirs: The article, "Minuet in Steel," by B. J. Widick, in the May 9 issue of *The Nation*, represents a new low in labor reporting. The writer, without a single fact to sustain him, alleged that the Steelworkers Union through the years has conspired with the steel industry to raise steel prices. Mr. Widick referred to the 1946 steel price increase as "an action of the steel union and the steel industry." The industry's price increase of $5.00 a ton in 1946 was a result of tremendous political pressure on the part of the industry. At no time was the industry's insistence on OPA approval of its price demands ever discussed with the union. In 1946, the steel industry's ignoring of the legitimate needs of workers for higher wages and stable prices was not one whit different from the automobile industry's insistence upon raising its prices and using the U.A.W.'s wage increase as the lever. . . .

Discussing more recent developments, Mr. Widick's article carried the astounding assertion that the Steelworkers Union had not criticized the industry's pricing policies in 1956, 1957 and 1958. He neglected to inform your readers of the detailed and documented testimony which the United Steelworkers of America presented to the Kefauver committee in the summer of 1957. Among the conclusions of the union which were given to the committee were these:

> Steel price increases in the post-World War II period have been exorbitant in relation to increased costs. . . .
>
> The industry's leader, U.S. Steel Corporation, which initiated the price increase, could have put into effect a price cut of $6.00 a ton, absorbed the cost of the wage increase, and could still have earned greater net profits after taxes in 1957 than were ever earned in the history of the corporation. (Based on 1st half 1957 profits.)

In 1956, after the industry had forced the union to strike by its "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude and contract proposal, the union published a report entitled, "Facts on Steel: Profits, Productivity, Prices and Wages, 1956. This detailed report included the following:

> The entire steel industry has reaped a bonanza from steel price increases out of all proportion to increased costs. . . .
>
> It is the companies' price policies which have an inflationary effect, not its wage policies. . . .

An objective examination of the record will show that:

1. The pricing policies of the steel industry have received the most informed, critical protests from the United Steelworkers of America.

2. At no time has the Steelworkers Union ever gained wage increases or improved benefits without struggling against the determination of the steel industry to fatten its profits at the expense of its employees and the public. The union's wage increases have been, and are, supportable—without price increases—out of the productivity growth of the industry.

Otis Brubaker, Director
Research Department
United Steelworkers of America
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs: If the Steelworkers Union had supported the bill recently introduced by Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Democrat of Wyoming, aimed at curbing price increases in administered-price industries by requiring advance notifications and justifications before the Federal Trade Commission, there might be less suspicion of the real policies of the union. Only one union, the United Auto Workers, spoke for the bill in hearings. David J. McDonald, President of the Steelworkers, opposed the bill "mainly on the ground that it would soon involve the government in the process of free collective bargaining." This contention must have caused some smiles on the faces of participants in the hearing, and for good reason. It is a matter of public record that the Steelworkers opposed the idea of higher wages without price increases in the early postwar period. There was an acrimonious private meeting over this issue between Walter Reuther and the late Philip Murray on December 1, 1945, in Pittsburgh, an authoritative account of which was published in *The Wage Earner*, organ of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, usually friendly to Mr. Murray.

Mr. Brubaker knows, for example, that in the 1946 steel negotiations a deal was made between the union and the industry with John W. Snyder acting as go-between for the Truman Administration. There was no protest against this government interference; it was quite welcome, and that settlement resulted in the start of the postwar inflation spiral, as my article suggests. And where were Mr. McDonald's protestations against "government interference in free collective bargaining" in 1956 when the settlement was reached with the intervention of George Humphrey? Mr. McDonald's "social visit" with President Eisenhower fooled no one. It is obvious that he wouldn't mind the right kind of government intervention again. And the working press is once again protesting the secret negotiations taking place.

The current espousal by the Steelworkers Union of the idea of higher wages without price increases does not change the record of the past. The fact remains that the opposition of the union to the O'Mahoney bill leaves the door wide open for a wage increase and price increase as a conclusion of the present negotiations.

B. J. Widick
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

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The Nation, June 6, 1959. Vol. 188, No. 23

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1959, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1959
VOLUME 188, No. 23

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Obsolescent and Obsolete

Politeness requires that we refer to "senior citizens," never to the old, nor do we dare speak of defense missiles as obsolete; they remain forever "obsolescent." The advantage is not a negligible one — as long as they are only obsolescent, we can continue to manufacture them, thus providing profits and jobs. Only let's not get it into our heads that the present generation of defense missiles, or any plausibly conceivable future one, will protect us against nuclear attack. They can't and they won't. Judging by the sound and the fury of the Nike Hercules-Bomarc controversy, one would think that there was actually a substantive issue, that the survival of the United States depended on which weapon was manufactured and installed. Actually, except to the suppliers and the career officers of the Army and Air Force associated with them, it does not matter in the least which weapon is chosen, or whether both are scrapped out of hand. If the arguments were honestly stated, it would be said for the Nike Hercules that it is obsolete but operational; for the Bomarc, that since it is still far from operational, the full measure of its obsolescence will not become evident for some time.

Neither of these systems is effective against missiles; they were designed for defense against aircraft, which are on the way out as offensive weapons. If the Bomarc, with its present 200-mile range (when it works) had become operational in 1955, as was intended, it might have had some utility. As things have turned out, its targets are no longer being built in significant numbers by the "enemy"; the transition to ICBMs and other long-range attack missiles is well under way. The Nike Hercules is an even worse case. Its claimed range is less than 100 miles and the actual range is of the order of half that figure; in a test against bombers in the Chicago area last fall it was only 6 to 8 per cent effective, and no hits were scored outside of the city limits. In a nuclear war the bombers (if there are still bombers) will use the "stand-off" technique, in which missiles are launched with the bomber flying hundreds of miles from its target. As for a future anti-missile, which would at least make theoretical sense, it remains in the realm of science fiction, and may remain there forever. Billions have been wasted and the waste will go on until the nations take to heart the injunction of *Matthew v. 25*: "Agree with thine adversary quickly. . . ." This would stop not only the waste, but the waiting for mutual annihilation.

Meditations on Poplarville

The FBI has just concluded one of its most intensive inquiries. For nearly a month, sixty agents have investigated the Mack Parker lynching in Poplarville, Mississippi. By all accounts, they did a first-rate job; indeed, the Chicago *Tribune* Press Service, which has easy access to FBI news sources, reports that the case has been solved and that the names of the murderers are known. Nevertheless, the Department of Justice has concluded that it must withdraw from the case, since the investigation did not establish that any federal law had been violated. As to the FBI report itself, Gov. J. P. Coleman has promised—word of honor—to deliver it to the grand jury which will not convene until November; in the meantime it will remain sealed. In the meantime, also, no arrests will be made. Put on notice that their identities are known, the murderers will have ample time to enjoy a pleasant vacation before leaving the state (although really there is no reason why they *should* leave: the relaxed behavior of local and state officials virtually insures their immunity).

These facts demonstrate quite conclusively, as Sena-

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. It will be published as follows: July 4, July 18, August 1, August 15 and August 29. Thereafter the normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed.

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tor Javits points out, "the need for a federal anti-lynching law." But such a law would not get to the root of the problem. If Negroes could exercise their Constitutional rights, they would soon be able to protect themselves, and a federal anti-lynching law might not be necessary. But in the absence of a strong civil-rights measure, even the white residents of Pearl River County are powerless to protect themselves lawfully against violence. For if Mack Parker had been tried and convicted, it is a foregone conclusion that his conviction would have been reversed on appeal no matter how guilty he may have been. The voting list of the county does not list any Negroes, although the county has a substantial Negro population, and for this reason no Negro names are drawn for jury duty. Under the rule in the Goldsby case, decided by the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit on January 6, a conviction obtained under these circumstances would be reversed.

In a word, Mississippi's official lawlessness has made it almost impossible for the state to sustain the conviction of Negroes unless and until they are permitted to vote and to serve on juries. If it were not for lynch-mobs, the criminally-inclined element in the Negro population could rape, murder and pillage with an implied grant of official immunity. If the "moderate" Southern Senators really want, therefore, to spare the South the ignominy of further lynchings, they should give their support to the civil-rights measure which Senator Paul Douglas has sponsored. Until some such measure is enacted, additional lynchings can be confidently predicted.

A Case for Euthanasia

The Subversive Activities Control Board has requested $400,000 to continue its vital activities during fiscal 1959; the dispensing committee has allowed it $380,000. The board was created by the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950. It is composed of five members appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. The chairman, the Hon. Dorothy McCullough Lee of Oregon, gets $20,500 a year; each member, $20,000. Then there is a general counsel at $14,190; two assistant general counsels at $12,770 apiece; three attorney-advisers, as well as assistants to the board members, secretaries, messengers, clerks, a personnel officer and, of course, an executive secretary ($13,370). Exclusive of the members, twenty-seven souls have found a haven at 811 Vermont Avenue N.W., where the board conducts its quasi-judicial functions, and of course some of them are also allowed expenses, and all require supplies, equipment, communication services, etc. You can see how the board has used up $2,619,905 in appropriations since its inception, a sum which will round out to $3 million with the current dole.

Yet the board is in a piteous state. Where formerly it busily, although slowly, investigated "Communist-action," "Communist-front" and "Communist-infiltrated" organizations, it has been practically paralyzed for fifteen months. Nothing goes on except the salaries. The reason is that the board's cases have a way of collapsing, as did its four-year-old proceeding against the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America (U.E.) in March. Worse, none of its pending cases can be continued unless the courts find that the Communist Party of the United States is indeed an organization dedicated, by treachery, deceit, infiltration, espionage, sabotage, terrorism, etc., to establish a totalitarian dictatorship in countries throughout the world, including the United States. And everybody knows what the courts are like. The Communist Party case, the keystone of the arch, has twice been remanded to the board, the first time by the Supreme Court, the second time by the Court of Appeals in line with the Supreme Court's decision in *Jencks v. the U.S.* But if the courts should ultimately decide against the board, it still will not be out of business, for federal boards, like old soldiers, never die. They don't blow away, either. And it is illegal to chloroform them. The prospect is, therefore, that SACB will continue to suffer, and the country with it.

Flash

From Taipei, Formosa, comes word that President Chiang Kai-shek has "left the door open" for a third six-year term. Nationalist China's seventy-two-year-old leader has told the Kuomintang that he will not shirk his responsibilities and that he is, so to speak, available. While it had been generally assumed that he would stand again, this advance assurance — Chiang's term does not expire until May, 1960 — serves a useful purpose. But for this timely and thoughtful warning, some misguided souls, including possibly some native Formosans, might in all innocence have jeopardized their very lives by premature announcements of their own candidacies.

The Hour of Triumph

Editorial writers are filled with rueful musings when an issue for which they have long contended bids fair to be resolved in accordance with their specifications. Of course they are pleased; there is no satisfaction in the trade comparable to that of witnessing the triumph of an issue that one has sponsored all the way from anathema to official acceptance. At the same time, however, editors are naturally reluctant to let go of a good theme and are human enough to be annoyed by the realization that it is not the premature cultivators of lonely editorial vineyards, but the johnnies-come-

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lately, who reap the harvests, win the awards and pose for the pictures.

For ten years, now, *The Nation* has been critical of American policy toward China and, for the same period, has consistently urged recognition of China and its admission to the United Nations. A rough count of editorials and articles in which this general position has been presented yields these results: 14 such items in 1950, 10 in 1951, 6 in 1952, 13 in 1953, 10 in 1954, 14 in 1955, 8 in 1956, 7 in 1957, 4 in 1958; something like a once-a-month average, we are appalled to note, for the period. Now it is becoming clearer by the second that China will be recognized and seated in the United Nations and that American policy toward China is changing; recent speeches by Adlai Stevenson and Senator Clair Engle of California, and last week's expulsion of Nationalist China from the Olympic movement by a nearly unanimous vote of the members of the International Olympic Committee, are merely the latest signs of a steadily shifting tide. The bandwagon has started to roll and the johnnies-come-lately are jumping aboard. Naturally we are pleased; all the same, we hate to think of the moment, fast approaching, when we shall be compelled to say farewell to the China issue. It will not be easy to discover another as sound and solid as this to provide editorial material throughout the 1960s.

The Education of Governor Faubus . . *by Jerry Neil*

Little Rock

ONE OF THE more antic moments leading up to last week's successful recall of three violently segregationist members of the Little Rock School Board came a week earlier, when Governor Orval E. Faubus said of the mounting furor aroused by the board's summary refusal to renew the contracts of forty-four teachers and administrators: "I didn't anticipate this. I don't think anyone could have foreseen all that has happened since that time."

"That time" referred to September 2, 1957, when Mr. Faubus called out the Arkansas National Guard to bar the entry, under a federal court order, of nine Negro students into Central High School. It is part of Orval Faubus' undeniable, though now slightly tarnished, genius that he is capable of delivering such lines with the straightest of faces, if not always with the directest of glances.

Just five days before the May 25 balloting, the Governor was deploring the developments that "now" were rending the city and expressing every hope that he would be permitted to stay above the fray. And just twenty-four hours later, he was announcing his intention to go on TV in support of the segregationist slate the following night (May 22), and addressing his own personal dilemma in somewhat more realistic terms: "You know I'm involved in it, no matter what happens."

It is probable that the Governor himself would have preferred to avoid involvement in what his poll-takers must have informed him might, for once, be a losing cause. However, his active participation was made more or less inevitable by the same outside segregationist pressures that had dictated his defiance of the federal courts in the first place. As *The Arkansas Gazette* remarked on election morning, Mr. Faubus already had ridden his tiger too far to be able to dismount gracefully.

THE ELECTION results — defeat for all three of the Faubus-indorsed members of the school board — amounted to the Governor's first major setback since the Little Rock controversy erupted. The proportions of that defeat were not overwhelming: the three die-hard segregationists were ousted by margins ranging from 1,480 to 2,861 votes; at the same time, three moderate members who had refused to go along with the teacher purge, were retained in office by margins ranging from 431 to 1,246.

But, all the same, Orval Faubus has lost effective control of Arkansas' capital and largest city. The community leaders who stood up this time to be counted in unterrified numbers are unlikely to slip back into the shadows now that they are aware that the Faubus armor has its chinks.

The recall story actually goes back to December of last year, when a slate of six last-ditch defenders of the public schools sought the unenviable job of replacing the school board which had just resigned *en masse*, along with Superintendent Virgil T. Blossom. In the atmosphere of the period, one of boycotts and anonymous threats in the night, the gesture involved considerable risk to the new candidates' "fortunes and sacred honor" (in the language of some orotund earlier Americans), if not actually to their lives. Of the six, three young businessmen with more to lose than most—Ted Lamb, thirty-two, Russell H. Matson, thirty-nine, and Everett Tucker, forty-six—managed to gain office in a hard-fought election.

Lamb, a moon-faced, horn-rimmed Yale adman, was perhaps the most ready to do battle with the enemy on its own contentious terms. Lamb had just succeeded in getting his own agency off the ground and winging, though not beyond the risk of being abruptly regrounded. He reasoned, however, that there would be no future in the advertising business in Little Rock if there was none in other, possibly even more vital, areas of community life. Tucker and Matson are less extroverted types, although both had wide experience in meeting the public, Tucker as industrial director of the Chamber of Com-

JERRY NEIL is associate editor of The Arkansas Gazette.

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merce (he resigned to make the school-board race and now is in private industrial-development work), and Matson in the operating of his own construction company. Both, needless to say, had acute personal knowledge of what the continuing school crisis was doing to the city's industrial prospects.

The Lamb faction's candidacy was aided by growing resentment over the closed high schools, but, even so, two of its members—Lamb and Tucker—were elected only because a split in the White Citizens Council had put rival segregationist tickets into the field in those two races. At the same time, the people voted into office the three extreme segregationists who now have been recalled—school board president Ed I. McKinley, Robert W. Laster and Ben D. Rowland.

IF THE results of the December 6 election were somewhat unexpected, events from that point forward were only too easily predictable. The board was divided 3-to-3 on every major issue, most importantly on the question of what to do when and if Governor Faubus' authority to close the schools should be invalidated by the courts, a development that appears imminent. (Judge John E. Miller of the Western District of Arkansas, one of a three-man federal panel which has this key state law under advisement, has indicated that a decision may come within two weeks.)

The first attempt to break the impasse came during the regular session of the Arkansas Legislature in March, when Governor Faubus sought authority to stack the Little Rock School Board with three extra members. The Little Rock delegation stood firm against Mr. Faubus' pressure, and with the aid of a last-minute filibuster by an outside ally, Senator Sam Levine of Pine Bluff, was able to carry the day. Pine Bluff is one of the state's segregationist strongholds, but Senator Levine explained that he could not stand aloof from the fight to preserve for local school districts the right to order their own affairs without direct interference from the Governor's office.

The deadlock finally began to break open on May 5, when the Lamb faction, looking toward the possibility that the schools would be ordered re-opened in September, moved the renewal of all teacher contracts in order that a staff might be available. (Staff retirements and resignations for one reason or another, notably including the contested new state law requiring affidavits on teachers' private affiliations, now stand at 185, a figure far above the average; new applications, for some of the same reasons, total only 62, roughly one-third normal.)

The McKinley faction countered with a proposal to dismiss Superintendent Terrell E. Powell, whom McKinley himself had first suggested as Blossom's replacement, along with Central High principal Jess Matthews and forty-two other teachers, some with up to forty years of seniority.

The three moderates walked out rather than become a party to the teacher purge, and the McKinley faction proceeded on its own to inform the forty-four teachers that their contracts would not be renewed. No cause was stated in any instance, and no opportunity for a hearing offered.

The extremists finally had overreached themselves tactically, an error which McKinley was to concede later. Where only the parents of high school age youngsters had been affected, the issue now had been moved into almost every school in the system, cutting across all class and geographical boundaries and, of course, involving far larger numbers of children and parents.

The reaction was quick and spontaneous. A movement to recall McKinley, Laster and Rowland sprang up overnight, taking the name of STOP (for "Stop This Outrageous Purge"). Within three days, almost 10,000 school patrons had signed recall petitions. The segregationist leaders at first appeared genuinely surprised by the size and scope of the reaction. However, the Citizens Council and the so-called "Central High Mothers' League" rallied to obtain more than 7,000 names for the recall of Lamb and the other moderates, setting up their rival campaign organization under the name of CROSS ("Committee to Retain Our Segregated Schools").

The campaign was marked by the emergence of Klan posters on the outskirts of the city, by boldly-stated warnings to childless property-owners that integrated housing would be "next," by fake circulars inviting Negroes to a segregated STOP meeting and, so far, by one mass action for libel. But there also were bits of unconscious low comedy to relieve the atmosphere of racial, religious and class antagonism which CROSS studiously sought to create.

THERE was, for example, the occasion when CROSS, which was basing much of its case on Governor Faubus' old theme of "outside" interference, imported a wandering holy man from California, Wesley A. Swift, for its kick-off rally on May 16. When Swift was exposed by *The Arkansas Gazette* as a former Klansman and bodyguard for Gerald L. K. Smith, CROSS left him to sulk in his hotel room while its own speakers' bureau took over. As it developed, Swift wasn't even needed. It would have been hard for him to top board member Laster's promise that if the high schools should be re-opened on an integrated basis, Little Rock would experience "violence that will make the Civil War look like a boy scout picnic."

It was at this same rally that board president McKinley, a spare, saturnine man, borrowed a bit of the Faubus irony to complain that not one of the forty-four ousted teachers had had the "decency" to come forward on his own initiative to inquire as to the reason for his dismissal.

There was also the occasion of an outdoor rally at the close of the campaign, when a libel summons was served against the CROSS campaign chairman, the Rev. M. L. Moser, Jr., to the accompaniment of a chorus of "Dixie" from the crowd. Not content with McKinley's vaguely stated accusations of disloyalty, CROSS had taken a newspaper advertisement listing "immorality" as one of several reasons for the teacher dismissals. Eugene R. Warren, counsel for the Classroom Teachers Association, promptly filed suit for defamation claims totaling $3,900,000, naming Mr. Moser, who had signed the advertisement, and McKinley.

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Mr. Moser, a glib young man with a tiny go-to-hell mustache that jars oddly in a Fundamentalist pulpit, is "missionary pastor" of Central Baptist Church, an independent affiliate of the Missionary Baptists, a fringe sect with a large following in this part of the country.

No visit to the Central High battle lines at the height of the 1957 troubles was complete without the sight of Mr. Moser haranguing a slack-jawed, glassy-eyed Northern newsman with the story, all too familiar in the South, of how the sons of Ham were condemned in perpetuity to the role of a slightly more productive, and therefore exploitable, Sisyphus. The highlight of Mr. Moser's closing appeal for the CROSS cause on the Sunday before election was a CBS news film taken at the time of Governor Faubus' "*Ja*" or "*Nein*" school-closing plebiscite last year, when Mr. Moser declared that he would rather have remained "uneducated and ignorant" than been forced to go to school with Negroes.

HOWEVER, Mr. Moser had not intended to be the principal attraction the night before, when the process servers interrupted. The featured speakers on that occasion were Representative John Bell Williams of Mississippi, another outsider, and Representative Dale Alford of Little Rock, an insider who had just demonstrated anew that he, too, has been able to profit from the Faubus technique. In a speech before the Public Affairs Luncheon Club at Dallas earlier in the week, Dr. Alford, an eye surgeon, said he had information which would justify impeachment of some members of the Supreme Court. Pressed for names and details, he said: "I would prefer to discuss that at a later date." (The "later date" on which Governor Faubus has promised he would reveal evidence to justify his call to the National Guard has failed to materialize in the almost two years that have elapsed.)

The case of Dr. Alford is illustrative of the number of instances in which prominent members of the CROSS cast hold positions of trust that are under one sort of legal cloud or another. The circumstances of Dr. Alford's paste-in victory over Representative Brooks Hays still are under investigation by a federal grand jury at Little Rock and by a special House committee at Washington.

However, the example of Robert W. Laster is even more interesting. A squarely-built young man of thirty-three, with the face of an aging child actor, Laster seized the office of Traffic Judge in 1957 by uncovering a loophole in the law which permitted him to file at the last moment as the only candidate to replace a man who thought he was serving under an interim appointment good for two more years. Since then, two pinball-machine distributors have charged that Judge Laster acted as a go-between in alleged pay-offs to a reporter for the *Arkansas Democrat,* producing tape recordings in evidence. A committee of the Pulaski County Grand Jury has accepted the tapes as authentic, but found them inadequate to sustain an indictment. However, the County Bar Association currently is studying Judge Laster's ethical fitness as a candidate for re-election. His school-board seat, won by a matter of 111 votes, also is clouded by a continuing court contest charging voting irregularities.

BUT OF ALL the performers, Governor Faubus was the unquestioned star of the CROSS show. In the first of his two TV appearances, Mr. Faubus attacked the leaders of STOP for being at one and the same time both left-wingers, or the tools of left-wingers, and commanders in "charge of the Cadillac brigade." A kinescope of the Governor's performance on this occasion would be worthy of study as a source of still further embarrassment to Democratic leaders for as long as he remains in the party fold and for the clues it offers as to the shape of any third-party movement which he might be called upon to head.

This time Mr. Faubus went well beyond the simple-minded NAACP-baiting that has been enough to sustain him in the past. This time, as was indicated by the references to the "Cadillac brigade" and the stress put on "good, honest, hard-working" white people (as well as, of course, "good, honest, hard-working" Negroes), the Governor made it clearer than ever that he intends to fight his future battles along class lines. It is a thought worthy of mulling by the men who shaped the last two third-party movements in the South.

An even more revealing gesture was Mr. Faubus' going out of his way to mention the religion (Roman Catholic) of "an old friend" who had turned up in the STOP camp. The gentleman in question, Joe C. Hardin, in addition to being a Roman Catholic, is a utilities executive (Arkansas Louisiana Gas Company) and a former president of the Arkansas Farm Bureau Federation, who comes originally from staunchly segregationist Lincoln County. Not even Orval Faubus could get by with calling a Lincoln County planter a "left-wing integrationist." So it was gratuitously let drop that this man who had presumed to take part in the fight to save the public schools was a Catholic.

But the master ironist's finest moment was saved for his final appeal, when he warned of the possible consequences of a re-opening of the high schools after two years of the turmoil he himself had first touched off: "Whenever these developments take place and all the bad has shown up and you are unhappy with the situation and the blame is placed, then I do not wish any of the blame to be placed on me."

Mr. Faubus spoke during what would have been commencement week for the 1,045 members of the Little Rock class of '59. which now is scattered from coast to coast—and beyond to Germany and Hawaii. A quarter of its members—evenly divided between whites and Negroes—have simply dropped from sight, as far as school records anywhere are concerned.

The hopes of the class of '60 and future classes rest now with the federal courts and, more immediately, with the Pulaski County School Board and the character of the men it chooses to fill the three vacancies that now exist on the Little Rock board. Beyond that, the defenders of public education in Little Rock must look to the next regular school election in December, when four of six places on the board will be up for grabs once again.

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The Consumer in the Steel Vise . . *by Eugene Havas*

IN THE CURRENT sparring between the Steelworkers Union and the industry over a new wage contract, it will be the public that ends up with the bloody nose—just as it has in the past.

Steel is the basic raw material of our industrial civilization. A heavily concentrated industry, well organized by labor and with a quasi-monopolistic grip over less fortunate segments of the national economy, it dictates the pattern for industrial prices and wages throughout the country. In the last ten years, steel wages have doubled and dividends on steel shares have more than doubled. At the same time, new plants worth approximately $10 billion have been built and charged off to the consumer in the form of higher steel prices.

There is mounting opposition in Congress to this kind of financing, which throws the entire burden on the consumer. It has been argued that, since most consumers are wage earners, stockholders or both, the majority of the people benefit by the huge gains in steel wages and dividends. But this is not so. Steel consumers still outnumber steelworkers plus steel stockholders by a very large margin; and it is time that the consumer be given consideration lest still another wage contract be written that favors a few millions at the expense of the many.

At the outset of the current negotiations, Conrad Cooper, executive vice president of U.S. Steel, told of a 1953 survey showing that the annual total income, from all sources, of the average stockholder in his corporation was less than the average annual wage of a steelworker; i.e., less than $4,500. He presumed that the same situation exists today, and added that he did not see how the nation's purchasing power would be improved by granting wage increases to 230,000 at the expense of 300,000 stockholders.

EUGENE HAVAS, a consulting economist, has given expert testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly on matters relating to steel prices.

This picture of Alice wandering around in an impoverished Corporate Wonderland is not very persuasive, considering that those U.S. Steel shareholders who have held their stock at least ten years are today earning 18 per cent on their original investment, and that ten-year holders of Bethlehem Steel stock are earning 28 per cent.

THAT THE number of steel users who would benefit by a price reduction is ten to a hundred times larger than the number of steel stockholders and steelworkers who might be hurt by it, seems not to have occurred to either labor or management. Not that hints to this effect have been lacking. President Eisenhower has said that he could not, like Pontius Pilate, wash his hands of the vital interest which 175,000,000 Americans have in a non-inflationary settlement of the steel dispute. And *Life,* in an editorial entitled "Let's Cut the Price of Steel," cited the industry's increased profits and productivity for the first quarter of this year and urged: "This is an extremely appropriate moment for steel prices to come down."

Life's plea is all the more significant in that it was based on U.S. Steel's own figures, which disclosed net profits of $106.5 million, or $1.86 per share, for the quarter—a 70 per cent jump over the corresponding quarter of last year. The President, in a press conference on May 5, used the same set of figures, according to an AP dispatch from Washington:

> President Eisenhower displayed a familiarity with after-tax profits of the U.S. Steel Corporation that would do credit to a stockbroker. In response to a question, he accurately recited Big Steel's first-quarter net profit per share at $1.86, then he noted the record was $2.03 in the first quarter of 1957. The President reeled off the numbers to show that steel-industry profits were not all they might be.

Unfortunately, both the President and *Life* were working on a "doctored" report which underestimated profits. Why, for instance, did U.S. Steel charge $113 million more to employment costs for the quarter than it did a year ago, even though its number of workers dropped somewhat in the interim? True, $28 million of the difference, are accounted for by current pension costs (this item did not appear at all for the first quarter of 1958). Allowing $50 million for increased wages and working hours still leaves $35 million unaccounted for.

Since the above figures are before taxes, the net gain after taxes would total approximately $15 million in profits over and above the $106 million disclosed by the corporation. In other words, according to independent Wall Street analysts, U.S. Steel earned for the first quarter this year not $106 million, or $1.86 per share, but somewhere around $120 million, or above $2 per share.

These analysts, whose business it is to discover hidden profits for their clients, point to Treasury regulations which permit corporations to deduct, for tax purposes, pension accruals for their employees. At the moment, Secretary of the Treasury Anderson is opposing a bill, already passed by the House and now before the Senate, which would extend pension tax-deduction benefits, at least in limited measure, to self-employed persons like doctors, lawyers, etc. Secretary Anderson argues that such a bill would cost the Treasury about $365 million in annual revenues. But Senator Neuberger, who supports the bill, points out that under present law the loss to the Treasury from corporate pension deductions ran close to five times as much—nearly $2 billion—in 1957. The loss is likely to increase over the coming years to well over $2 billion annually.

As the law now stands, corporations can deduct pension costs not only on the basis of current services, but retroactively. (For instance, if at the time the law was passed, you had been a vice president of U.S. Steel for ten years, the corporation could accrue *back* pensions in your behalf for that period, and claim deductions accordingly.) Bethlehem Steel, as an example, has used the law to accrue annual pensions of up to $200,000 a year for retiring execu-

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tives, to which the beneficiaries have contributed nothing. It has become routine for minority stockholders to complain of such dissipation of corporation resources, and equally routine for the protests to be ignored.

The fact is that U.S. Steel can charge off, this year, almost $50 million for back pension accruals plus an additional $100 million or more for current accruals. This will be explained in the company's 1960 report, due next March. But is this delay altogether fair to the public? Is it not time for the Securities and Exchange Commission to propose appropriate rules for the quarterly disclosure of all the facts? Two days after the President's May 5 press conference, at which he spoke so "knowingly" of U.S. Steel earnings, the Washington *Post* editorially scolded the corporation:

> President Eisenhower has inadvertently provided an excellent illustration of the need for the federal government to have some kind of fact-finding machinery to enlighten the public on major price and wage problems in the concentrated industries, like steel.

DAVID McDONALD, head of the Steelworkers Union, says that the industry has charged the consumer $3 for every $1 wage increase. Current earning statements support this charge. However, this does not necessarily mean that additional wage increases are called for. Steelworkers' pay scales are already considerably ahead of other industrial workers' and public interest demands that some part of the high profits should be passed on to the consumer.

In three postwar recessions, major steel companies paid handsome dividends without interruption and on a steadily increasing scale. The cyclical nature of the steel industry is a thing of the past, thanks to the great population increase, to $44 billion in annual defense expenditures and—not least—to our new philosophy that the federal government is responsible for the maintenance of employment. No other industry profited so much from these basic structural changes in our economic life as steel; and (as this writer stated before the Kefauver committee on March 13), no factor was so responsible for the recession of 1957 as the steel industry's pricing policy. Steel's responsibility in this regard was recognized by the economists of the Federal Reserve Board, who stated in unequivocal terms that monetary authorities cannot cure the pricing excesses of the administered sector of our economy.

Gardiner Means has demonstrated that our general wholesale price level, instead of rising 8 per cent, would have remained stable had it not been for the 36 per cent increase in steel prices in the last five years. Fred Gardner, a foremost authority on productivity, has pointed out that U.S. Steel could reduce prices (or increase wages) by 10 per cent and still maintain profits higher than the average of all other industries.

A cut of 5 per cent in steel prices is feasible without any hardship to the industry if there is no further increase in wages. This would help the President's deflationary budget policy. As long as steel prices are not reduced and steel wages are not frozen, the pressure on other prices and wages to catch up will continue—or else there will be chronic unemployment calling for reinflationary pump-priming, which might also decrease the purchasing power of the dollar.

Senator O'Mahoney's disinflationary price-notification bill is opposed both by the steel union and leaders of the industry. Neither side, apparently, is willing to assume responsibility for the victims of automation; this is left to the taxpayer. Is it a wonder then, that government bonds are steadily declining and common stocks, especially steel stocks, are making new highs? Do we have to become a nation of speculators to beat the game of inflation? On February 5, 1959, Secretary Anderson, testifying before the Joint Committee of Congress, said: "If we ever reach the point where people will believe that to speculate is safe but to save is a gamble, then, indeed, we are in trouble." In the three months since he uttered these words, the government's credit deteriorated a further 10 per cent (as measured by the yield of some of its outstanding obligations), while at the same time the Dow Jones industrial stock averages were rising by 10 per cent.

For six years now money has been getting tighter and dearer as profits and wages go higher and higher. And there is nothing to suggest that this trend is coming to an end. Steel's power elite seems willing to go to any length to use the nation's economy to its own advantage. And the steel leaders are still not satisfied. Roger Blough, chairman of U.S. Steel, has repeatedly stated that profits are not as high as they should be. When confronted with the earning records of his company, he replied that smaller companies could not operate profitably if Big Steel were to reduce prices.

ALL THIS exploitation occurs under the banner of free enterprise. Any attempt of Congress to regulate commerce is denounced as "contemplating the complete reversal of the basic economic and political concepts upon which this nation was founded." So charged the chairman of U.S. Steel in testimony before the Kefauver committee, prompting Senator O'Mahoney to condemn the testimony as "fifteen pages . . . full of misconceptions."

Sensing the public's hostility to high prices, U.S. Steel tries to conceal its profits behind generalities. Executives point out, for instance, that profits of *all* American industry were less in 1958 than in 1947. But they carefully refrain from pointing out that the more than doubled profits

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Don't you harm a hair of her head!"

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of the steel industry in the last ten years were the cause of profit-shrinking in industries less able to pass on increased costs to the consumer.

Recent decisions of the soft-coal and can-manufacturing industries, which pay the same high wages as steel, to reduce prices illustrate that where real competition exists, prices do go down even if profits must shrink. Since there is no real competition in steel, prices do not go down and their profits are at a record high.

The leaders of organized labor rightly insist that stockholders are not the only ones entitled to the gains of increased productivity. And the AFL-CIO leaders were justified in their criticism of Raymond J. Saulnier, chairman of President Eisenhower's Economic Council, who in a letter to Senator Kefauver marshaled his statistics so as to make it appear that labor was more to blame for inflation than management's pricing policies.

But labor chiefs are wrong in denouncing inflation warnings as "phony." The inherent dangers in the present situation are very real. And Mr. Saulnier, instead of making a virtue of "trying very hard to stay out of this thing," would do better to urge the leadership of the steel industry to cut prices and freeze dividends along with wages until the government's credit is restored. At a time when the President is engaged in a disinflationary policy, faithfully assisted by the monetary authorities, Mr. Saulnier cannot be insensitive to the pricing excesses and distortions caused by the steel and automobile industries. In fact, in an earlier letter to Congressman Curtiss on this subject, he seemingly condemned these pricing policies. He should not, therefore, keep himself coolly aloof from wage and price decisions which could determine the failure or success of the President's fiscal policies.

President Eisenhower and his advisers would do well to ponder on what Francis Bacon said three hundred years ago: "Men ought to know that in the theatre of human life, it is only for gods and angels to be spectators." If we are not to become a nation of speculators, distrusting the credit and the good will of the government, the President must act before it is too late, throwing all the power and prestige of his office into the fight for a rollback in steel prices.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT:

CONSCIENCE of the CAMPUS . . *by W. W. Watt*

EVERY YEAR is a presidential year in American higher education. Statisticians have estimated that the average tenure of office for the college or university president in the United States is four years. Whatever significance this may have for the student of government, it is a sobering fact to those who are directly concerned with the improvement, or even the bare survival, of any of the 1,800 institutions that presume to qualify as colleges and universities. Educational historians remind us that the rate of turnover has always been notoriously high, that the bearded prexies of the nineteenth-century campus only *look* as if they reigned forever. I do not know how rapidly, if at all, the rate has been accelerating during the unsettling years since World War II. But obviously the arks of culture are going to have a hard enough time surviving the student inundation of the coming decade without continually changing Noahs in mid-flood. The current turnover is alarming enough.

The alarms have resulted recently in a number of excursions into the difficult field of presidential analysis. Ex-president Harold Dodds of Princeton has been given a Carnegie grant for a comprehensive survey of the college presidency. Last year Scribner's published *A Friend in Power*, a novel in which Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton artfully depicts the delicate process of winnowing sturdy presidential timber from saplings that will not survive storm and blight. This year Harper has brought out *The American College President* in which Harold W. Stoke — now in his third college presidency as the head of Queens — gives his experienced views of what it takes.

Dr. Stoke's book gives the reader the stimulating but frustrating experience of sitting vicariously on the edge of an academic chair that has degenerated into a hot seat. Without lamenting his lot or tooting his own horn, the author manages, with a remarkable mixture of tact and candor, to show that the most competent incumbent can only try to make the best of the hardest of all possible jobs. The ideal college president, one infers, must have the strength of Atlas, the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of J.B., the eyes of Argus, and the touch of Midas — and even with all these attributes, too many of his faculty will see him only as Janus. After weaving his way through the maze of exacting qualifications, the reader might be forgiven for echoing the comment of Dr. Norman Macy, the eminent surgeon on the Board of Trustees of the university "founded" by Carlos Baker: "The only man who could possibly qualify on all those counts died on the Cross nineteen hundred years ago."

It is doubtful if a more convincing picture of the college president's many-ringed circus will appear soon, and it would be presumptuous for anyone looking from the outside in—or from the underside up—to question its general accuracy. Instead, I

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propose to discuss some of the implications of one issue that dominates all others. Dr. Stoke raises it in the first chapter:

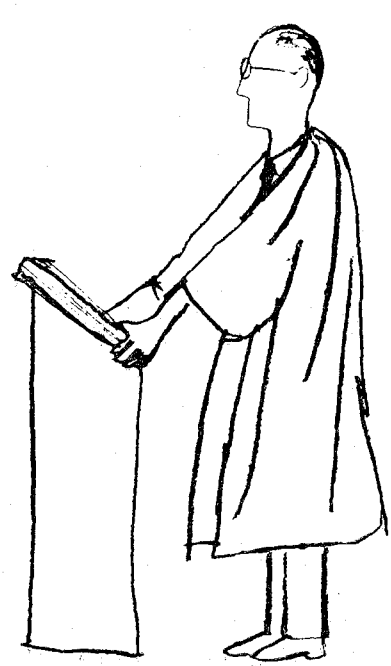
> If I were to make a general observation about the qualifications of college presidents, it would be this: in recent years the factor of educational distinction has declined while factors of personality, management skills, and successful experience in business and administration have increased in importance. This fact reflects the gradual transformation of the college president from an intellectual leader into a manager, skilled in administration, a broker in personal and public relations.

The further he goes in the book, the more Dr. Stoke reveals his reluctance to accept this change. When he has put behind him a lively description of the headaches of housekeeping, he comes out strongly for a president with a messianic faith in education and ideas about making it prevail. But I was left with the unpleasant impression that, unless the trend is sharply reversed, such a paragon will become rarer as the mechanized years tick by. For a while there will be a president here and there who can occasionally find a pause for the day's meditation that is known as the scholar's hour. But the day is not far off, I assume, when private visions will be entirely replaced by public relations, when the meditator will yield to the mediator, when — as the jacket blurb promises us — the "Man of Learning" will give way to the "Man of Management."

LEST WE become unduly alarmed, it must be admitted that any two-valued orientation distorts the picture. The goals of Learning and Management are not so far apart today as the traditional stereotypes of Ivory Tower and Market Place still mislead people into assuming. The two worlds have been of immense value to each other. Moreover, the "gradual transformation" discussed by Dr. Stoke has been going on for a long time. Ernest Earnest, in his readable history of the American college (*Academic Procession*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1953), reminds us that even the patriarchal presidents of the nineteenth century were not isolated from the hard facts of meeting payrolls: "President Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale said that when he called on President Noah Porter (1871-1876) he usually found him reading Kant; when he called on President Timothy Dwight (1886-1899) he found him reading a balance sheet." Earnest traces a growing division, beginning about the turn of the century, between the scholarly ideals of the faculty and the pecuniary preoccupations of the administrators. By 1930 the alarm bell had been sounded loud and often.

BUT WE can't solve our problems with the consolations of history or by giving in, however reluctantly, to what we presume to be inevitable. The time has certainly come when we must assert the predominance of some values over others. One rule should be deeply engraved on the collective conscience of the campus: *Whatever else he is, the man (or woman) chosen to head a college or university should be an educational leader; and whatever his other cares may be, he should continue as long as he remains in office to give top priority to the duties of educational leadership.*

I do not, of course, mean an educationist: the professional student of education who exalts methods above content, talks about life-adjustment to a life he has not studied in depth, and speaks and reads a strange language called Pedagese that is unintelligible to the average layman. Nor do I go along with the loose usage referring to every teacher, at least from the thirteenth grade up, as an educator. The campuses are full of specialists, many of them productive scholars, who have neither the inclination nor the capacity to take a wide-angle view of the curriculum. By an educational leader I mean an excellent teacher with enough classroom experience on the undergraduate level to give him a first-hand insight into the problems of the professor; a man, moreover, who has evolved a firm but flexible philosophy of education and can express it articulately to both scholar and layman. Graduate teaching is not essential, but the acceptable candidate should present evidence of a genuine understanding of the work of the research scholar, preferably in the form of solid publication. If he has also had experience in educational administration — as dean, department head, or director of a significant program of studies — so much the better. The goodly company of deans who have been kicked upstairs to become distinguished presidents takes some of the edge off the quip that a dean is a mouse in training to be a rat. But it must not be forgotten that many a dean is an unsuccessful teacher who has blossomed into new dignity through some special talent as a disciplinarian, a clerk, or an errand boy.



THE REASONS for insisting on an educational leader are in such plain sight that they are often, like Poe's purloined letter, completely overlooked. Every reputable institution of higher learning, at least beyond the junior college level, is established for two interrelated purposes: to expound knowledge through teaching and expand it through scholarship and research.

The teachers and scholars on the campus are more directly and consistently concerned with pursuing these aims than any other group. Neither fraternities nor football, nor luxurious dormitories nor palatial union buildings, nor the touching loyalty of alumni, nor the sweet uses of publicity can so enhance the long-term reputation of a college as a live faculty that insists on high

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standards and gives full value in classroom, library and laboratory.

To help in building and maintaining such a faculty, the president must thoroughly understand the facts of academic life. For example:

Conscientious teaching is one of the most demanding of all occupations; the kind of thinking that goes into it cannot be obtained merely by putting a slogan on the wall.

Considering the demands of "keeping up with the field," class preparation, paper grading, committee work and student counseling (both scheduled and unscheduled)—the college teacher with a twelve-hour class-contact load may be doing a fair day's (and night's) work; but no time-study man can find a perfect formula for measuring his input and output.

Significant research requires solid blocks of uninterrupted time, the sort that can be supplied only by free summers and occasional leaves; research cannot always promise or achieve "results," and much of it is not "practical"—at least in the fuzzily restricted use of such terms in the market place.

Criticism is not the corrosive griping of the man who will not "play with the team" but the constant self-inspection without which no educational institution can progress.

Academic freedom is not a subversive shibboleth of the American Association of University Professors but an atmosphere without which the honest pursuit of the truth is impossible.

The instructor on the lowest rung of the academic ladder is not the president's employee, but his fellow scholar and teacher; the instructor has a clear right to reason why and to express his reactions to the president's policies and practices openly, not in the safe confines of a company suggestion box.

No workable educational policy can spring fully armed from the head of the institution and be passed down through channels by executive fiat; it must be hammered out in the give-and-take of free discussion.

In short, the qualifications of the ideal president consist not only of aptitudes, but of attitudes. In every first-rate college educator the attitudes are so built-in that he cannot choose but remain a friend of the faculty if he becomes a friend in power. By this I do not mean a president whose entire energies are devoted to appeasing the teaching staff; I mean a college educator who unmistakably puts teaching and scholarship first in importance.

IN HIS final chapter, Dr. Stoke argues convincingly that the college president must have a philosophy of education and discusses its uses in some detail. Certainly the possession of a sound philosophy will enable the busiest housekeeper to find reasonable solutions to many of the educational dilemmas of the campus. But I am still left with the impression that, beyond this, the modern president can function as an educator only in occasional lulls between the battles of bureaucracy:

> All this is particularly galling to a man who has always thought of himself as primarily concerned with education and who thought that by becoming a president he would be even more influential. He can still make noises like an educator—after all, the president can create captive audiences—but for reasons which will be seen to be fundamentally sound, he had better resign himself to a prepared fate.

I cannot believe that any true educational leader, including Dr. Stoke, will resign himself to such a fate. He will continue to preach his gospel—by speaking on carefully selected occasions, by writing of every sort from patient letters for impatient alumni to books as informative as *The American College President* (a superior form of noise-making).

An educational leader who is not a clear and convincing speaker and writer is a contradiction in terms. The busiest president must not be too busy to think his way through to a broad picture of the institution he wants to shape—what the late Chancellor Capen of Buffalo once called "the grand plan"—and he must present it in the clearest possible focus to the members of the "college family." He must also, of course—especially in his special role as middleman between trustees and faculty—reflect as accurately as possible the views of others. But he must never dodge his duty as a creator by pretending that he is only a reflector.

Nor must he limit himself to leadership within his own college family. Now that, thanks largely to Russian science, education has become a national emergency, the country is crying for educational leadership. This must come from the clear voices of those most able to make themselves heard above the cacophony of all the self-appointed experts who have been sputtering since the first sputnik. An occasional college professor or a retired admiral—an Arthur Bestor or a Hyman Rickover—may still get a wide hearing. But the college president, even the ex-president, is in a better position to make the front pages; he remains, in Dixon Wecter's phrase, "one of the few oracles still held in considerable popular respect by our irreverent civilization." This is one of the strongest arguments against the common proposal that the president should be a business executive and the dean an educator; the newspapers seldom listen to deans, the American public has an awesome interest in the number-one boy.

The president's role as a propagandist must not be confused with the routine brochures and handouts of public relations. It is even further removed from that of a large number of advertising men in industry: *their* job is often to persuade the consumer that he desperately wants what he obviously doesn't need (a new car every year—lower, wider, finnier and more expensive); *his* duty is always to persuade the American people that they desperately need what most of them really don't want (and the total cost of a year at the best colleges is still lower than that of a middle-priced car). For the American people in general don't want higher education. They want training, or skills, or "more science" for embryonic rocketeers, or short cuts to literacy, or degrees, or higher paying first jobs, or four happy years as pre-weds, or fraternities and sororities, or the best seats in the alumni cheering section, or the status of the old school tie—but, as Ruskin said back in 1867, there is still "little desire for the thing itself."

Of course, the educational leader should also be an efficient (but not

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officious) manager, a skilled diplomatic fencer (but not a fence-sitter), an organizer (but not an "organization man"). He should be a money-getter without succumbing to chronic mendicancy. He should possess all the ethical virtues of the Boy Scout list from trustworthiness to reverence. He should also have a charming wife who is not only above suspicion, but skilled in human relations beyond the fondest dreams of Calpurnia. But above all, he must be an educational leader. If he cannot, because of his other responsibilities, something's got to give. The solution of "a Damon-and-Pythias relationship to some trusted provost, dean of faculty, or assistant" is, according to Dr. Stoke, "rare and fortuitous." He insists that "the real solution of the problem must wait upon more fundamental institutional evolution." But can we afford to wait that long? Will Dr. Dodds's study point to a quicker way out? The college president cannot, like Pooh-bah, continue to function much longer as Lord High Everything Else. There were no H-bombs in Titipu.

'Little America' in Morocco . . *by Shane and Judith Mage*

Casablanca

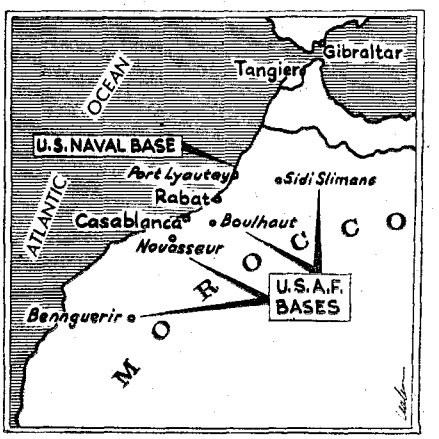
THE STUDENTS halted in front of the American Embassy in Rabat. Embassy personnel stood on the balcony, movie cameras grinding. "Out of Morocco, American bases!" they shouted in Arabic. "Evacuation! Evacuation!"

"Why do you want to remain here?" The angry union secretary from Marrakech waved his arm at us. "There you stay, on your bases, each one a state within a state. When are you going to leave?"

The Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Moulay Abdullah Ibrahim spoke to us slowly and seriously: "The Moroccans unanimously demand the withdrawal of foreign forces, and if this becomes a demagogic issue, there could be serious consequences. Your government should realize that it's to her interest to evacuate the bases while it can still be done in a friendly way . . . *before* there's an explosion."

Moroccans are divided among themselves over many political and social questions, but not on this one. In part, the demand for American evacuation represents an emotional reaction to forty-four years of colonial rule. Although Morocco gained formal independence in 1956, French, Spanish and American military forces are still present here, and vast territories that were legally Moroccan in 1912 remain under foreign control. The United States, of course, unlike France and Spain, is not represented as a former colonial power. But the conditions in which the U.S. bases were established here mark them ineradicably with the stigma of colonialism.

In 1951, these bases were granted by the *French* government. At the time Morocco was a "protectorate"; that is, it retained its sovereignty, and France as a "protecting" power



had no *legal* right to alienate a section of Moroccan territory without the agreement of the Moroccan sovereign, Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef.

However, in granting the bases, the French by-passed the Sultan. This was no oversight: already, in 1951, the conflicts that would lead to the deposition of the Sultan in 1953 had grown acute. The French, determined to hold on to Morocco and to keep the rights of the Sultan a mere fiction, had no intention of allowing the Nationalist monarch to create difficulties by refusing his consent. The American government accepted this procedure. The result was that when the Sultan returned from exile as King Mohammed V of an independent Morocco, the U.S. bases, as far as he was concerned, were "nonexistent." Juridically, the U.S. Air Force and Navy were trespassers. And, since independence, the legal status of the bases has remained the same: they stay in Morocco by *force majeur*.

Nevertheless in 1955, before independence, Mohammed V had expressed his willingness to legitimize the bases by signature of a formal lease. At that time it was the American government which, in order to conciliate its French ally, refused to accept Moroccan sovereignty over the bases. Today the United States would be more than willing to sign a lease, but the Moroccans have since changed their minds.

THE bases are one of the key links in the Strategic Air Command chain encircling the Soviet Union. It is from Nouasseur, Benguérir and Sidi Slimane, that the bombers would take off to obliterate Kharkov, Stalingrad, Odessa. An average of twice a week the great jets, whose crews live beside them in huts at the edge of the runway, shoot into the air within five minutes after an "alert" is sounded and head for the heart of the USSR. Not for thirty minutes — 500 miles of flight — do the pilots know whether or not this time is *it*.

The fact that if one time the bombers do not turn back, New York as well as Stalingrad would be a memory, is small consolation for the people of Morocco. They cannot accept a situation in which

SHANE and JUDITH MAGE, an American husband-and-wife writing team, are now touring North Africa.

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Morocco is made a Number One target for the H-bombs of *either* side in a world struggle that they want only to stay out of. Even ruling out the hypothesis of catastrophe, the Moroccans feel that the bases negate the very essence of their foreign policy. "Morocco is in a situation dominated by her social and economic condition," Prime Minister Ibrahim explained to us. "We are faced with a gigantic task of construction. We cannot afford the luxury of binding our future to a conflict that doesn't really interest us. We want America to understand that ours is not a hostile non-dependence, it is a *friendly* non-dependence. The presence of bases here, however, is incompatible with non-dependence."

MOROCCANS refer to the bases as "Little Americas."

Approaching Nouasseur, the largest air base, the first sign of American life is "Jimmy's Gift Shop." Across the road, behind the high fences, acres of small, neat, detached cottages, each with its garden and little lawn. The commissary, stocked with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Mix, Louis Sherry jams, Pillsbury flour, frozen meats, Van Camp beans, Spanish oranges, Danish butter, Dutch potatoes and eggs. (A Moroccan complaint: the Americans consume almost no native produce. "At least the French buy their supplies here. . . ." But for American families, native meat, milk, lettuce, tomatoes, vegetables, bread, lacking the U.S. Department of Agriculture's seal of approval, are suspect.)

Behind the commissary, the kindergarten, the elementary and high schools, the playground. Down the road, the well-stocked library, hospital and clinic, the APEX with everything from cocktail dresses to safety pins. Nearby, the thrift shop, the shoe-repair and photo shops, the PX annex where a fifth of Johnny Walker costs $1.75. Down a side street, the snack bar where a hamburger is 15c, a thick malted the same, an ice-cream cone a nickel. Bowling alley, barber shop, post office, movie theatre. Boy scouts and girl scouts, swimming pool and roller rink. Gas station where gas costs 12c a gallon (65c a gallon off the base). Teen-age square-dance club. Little League baseball.

(At Nouasseur, Moroccan peasants are allowed in to till the rich wheat fields that lie within the gates. And at Port Lyautey, on a small fenced-off rise, there is a white Marabout, Moslem shrine, a reminder that this is not Minnesota or Iowa.)

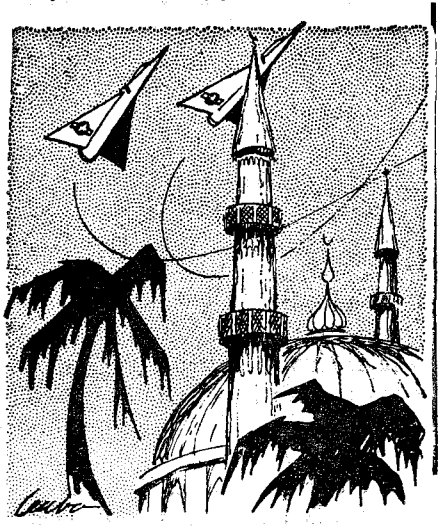
There is no need ever to leave the base, ever to learn French or Arabic. Yet life on the base is confining, the results often disquieting. The wife of a lieutenant commander at Port Lyautey is certain she does not want to remain in Morocco after her husband's thirty-month tour of duty is up. "All the people here ever do is party party party, drink drink drink. There's nothing else to do."

How about traveling?

"We can't take the little ones with us because there's too much they can catch. They have diseases in the *Medinas* [native quarters] the doctors can't even innoculate against. Some illnesses we come down with they can't even diagnose."

For adolescents in particular the enclosed social life poses a problem. "Do you have many dates?" we asked Larry, a high school junior. "There is no such thing as a date here," he answered disgustedly. "Boys and girls go in groups to parties, dances, movies . . . but none of the boys knows enough French to make his way around town with a girl."

The worst thing, Larry's fifteen-year-old sister added, was the lack of anyone new to meet. "You know everyone too well, you know all their business. You can't breathe without everyone knowing how much air you take in."



MOST of the direct contact between American military personnel and Moroccans takes place on the worker-boss level. Relations are not always smooth. In 1956, a four-day strike forced the recognition of the *Union Marocain du Travail*, as bargaining agent for the 5,000 Moroccans who work on the bases. Wages are relatively high, but a serious complaint is the lack of promotion opportunities.

However, the gravest source of conflict, according to Bel Hadj, Secretary of the American Bases Union, is the "insupportable racist attitude" of many of the American servicemen. "The worker's dignity is continually flouted by the little chiefs, men without any education but with a superiority complex. A chauffeur is asked by his chief to sweep the chief's home. He refuses and is fired. A man comes in as an electrician and is used as a manual worker. It used to be that after each job description, it was written: '. . . and in addition he must do all that his chief asks him to do.' Now the text is changed, but the spirit remains."

In addition to the 5,000 Moroccans working directly for the Air Force and Navy, there are some 3,000 indirectly employed, including a large number of maids and gardeners. "If there is one thing the Americans have learned from the French, it is to call their housegirl 'Fatima,' the men 'Mohammed,'" Bel Hadj noted. "Even so, there is a difference. The French used to say, correctly, '*Fat*'ma,' but the Americans say 'Fa*ti*ma.'"

"My Fatima is very awkward," a major's wife complained to us. "She doesn't know how to operate the machines well, she can't read the dials on the washer and drier, so she turns them backward and breaks them and she always puts too much soap in. I won't let her use the washer any more. And I'm always worrying about my good china. But for 600 francs a day. . . ."

When American families do leave the bases to tour around the country,

(*Continued on page* 523)

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The Days of 'Broom'

THE WAY IT WAS. By Harold Loeb. Criterion Books. 310 pp. $5.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

LIKE everyone who was alive in Cette Belle Epoch, I too am writing my autobiography; and, believe it or not, I was dictating into the tape recorder about how, in my first year in high school I encountered *Broom,* when what should show up, here on one sunny hillside in Italy where tourists never penetrate and life is still much like the "Europe!" they all went to Europe to find, what should show up for review but Harold Loeb's memoirs of those great five years when everything, but especially Art and Letters, was still all one *Vie en Rose.*

As Shaw said of Marx, when I was a boy I read *Broom* and "it helped me to make the turn and it was the right turn in every way." I quit high school. Within the year I was putting on *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and Roger Vitrac's Dadaist play, *The Painter,* both stolen from *Broom,* at the Dill Pickle Club, living in a garret with a model, and writing "abstractly." I gave up a life carefully laid out by others (it was to culminate in the ownership of the then largest wholesale drug house in Chicago). I have never made as much in a year as I would have made there in a week, in fact I have gone whole years without making anything at all except poems, pictures and a few women. I have never had a moment's regret. Harold Loeb's magazine was not the decisive factor in this decision—I was that—but he sure helped.

Over the years, from John Quinn and Otto Kahn to the present crop, I have met most of the patrons of the arts, or at least of letters, who have become notorious in America: Harold Loeb, Peggy Guggenheim, Caresse Crosby, James Laughlin, a lot of others. Perhaps because none of them has ever done anything for me and I have never asked for anything from them—except Laughlin, who has published me with at least less catastrophic loss than he has suffered from some of his stable—I have found them nicer people on the whole than most of the artists and writers they have "helped." I think there is an obvious reason for this. In the words of Engels' old chestnut, they have cut themselves loose from the ruling class and gone over, if not to the workers, better, to the class that they felt was doing the most good in the world. Shall we call it a renunciation of caste privileges in favor of a positive social program? If we do, it immediately becomes obvious that most writers spend most of their time trying to acquire caste privileges which they weren't born to and don't deserve, and trying to keep their colleagues from acquiring them in competition. With very few exceptions, they exemplify in their persons the outward physical signs of an inward spiritual condition—a thoroughly negativistic and asocial bunch of attitudes and reactions to their fellowmen.

If they keep their distance, the patrons are feared and admired. It cost Otto Kahn nothing to give two checks of a thousand dollars each to Hart Crane, and they didn't do Hart Crane a bit of good, but probably helped kill him. But woe to the patron who mingles, who wants to be one of the bunch, who actually works at helping the arts. Each of the leading active patrons of the last generation is the center of a whole web of malignant and envious legends. No writer likes anybody around who is constantly emanating generosity and the capacity for disinterested hard work—no writer has these virtues and the smell of them just makes him crazy.

Harold Loeb is no exception. This is mostly the story of five years of hard, bothersome, self-sacrificing work. It doesn't sound like it—he makes it all sound like drinks at Jimmy's and trips to the Riviera with dangerous women out of Michael Arlen. It doesn't take long for anyone who has ever done any editorial work to read between the lines. This man worked hard, day after day, at the most exasperating and exhausting kind of work. (How would you like to put your magazine to bed while the Blackshirts were marching on Rome?) He doesn't remember it that way. It was all exhilaration. And well it might be. *Broom* was incomparably the best of the *avant garde* magazines (it was far from "little" in any sense). It started out ahead of its contemporaries, the harum-scarum *Little Review* and the quite stuffy *Dial,* and it rapidly matured in taste, in policy, in format. It is easy to say that Loeb had good advisers, Alfred Kreymborg at first and Matthew Josephson and Malcolm Cowley at the end. It is apparent from his modest narrative that he was a quite independent editor with a most obdurate mind of his own. After the first couple of issues, once he had got the ground under his feet, he seldom made a grievous error of taste.

Furthermore, he didn't do this with the Loeb and Guggenheim millions. (His mother was a Guggenheim.) He did it with an extremely small inheritance and some money he had earned. The whole venture cost less than most of the readers of this magazine make in a year or two. For the record, something like this happens to be the case with the other two working publisher-patrons: the Crosbys and James Laughlin were neither of them rich by the standards of their own class, however glittering they may have seemed to Montparnasse and Greenwich Village.

IT IS a great pleasure to read the story of a man who loves his work, and who as he works grows always more knowledgeable and more responsible. Most people will read this book, as they have read MacAlmon's *Being Geniuses Together,* and Peggy Guggenheim's book, and Caresse Crosby's book, and Margaret Anderson's books and Jimmy's *This Must Be the Place,* for the names in the index. But believe me, it was awfully easy to meet Gertrude Stein in 1925. *Broom* finally fails, Loeb comes back to America, another batch of lights go out in Europe. But in the process he not only had a good time and met all the most exciting people, he learned a lot about art and letters and even more about society and responsibility. And he made a contribution, small perhaps, but measurably determinative, to the advance of American civilization. And he had a good time. Who could want more?

Before the close, he has one final story to tell, the tale of the way it really was—the Spanish journey in *The Sun Also Rises.* For a generation every time Loeb has come into a room somebody has whispered, "That's so and so in Hemingway's book." Those chapters set the style of a "Generation" as the Beatniks are trying to set the style of another. To this day I know Hollywood sophisticates, now in *souris cerise* hair, who own a Klee and a pre-Columbian

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mask and talk precisely like Lady Brett. Unkillable, Darling. She talks that way here, too, presumably under her right name. I don't doubt Loeb's version; he has, somehow, the accents of veracity, but the best interpretation of it, where it really belonged, was in a sentimental movie starring Dick Barthelmess, I think perhaps the last he made. It was a foolish story in fiction. How much of it, really, did Hemingway intend as farce? It is just as foolish in fact. It is greatly to Loeb's credit that he so obviously still loves the girl, poor guy. He still has, too, the greatest fondness for Hemingway. It is even more to his credit that the ill feeling that broke up the party seems really to have been due to Loeb's distaste for bullfights. I believe that all Americans who go to bullfights should be horsewhipped.

Broom was what was important in Harold Loeb's youth and it would have been the better part of an Olympian dignity never to have mentioned that bullfight at all; but since he did, he has done a service by putting it in the only perspective it deserves. It was nasty.

De Gaulle Against the Americans

UNITY, 1942-44. The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle. Simon & Schuster. 378 pp. $6.

Alexander Werth

EXCEPT for the *affaire* Dufour, with which the British intelligence service tried to blackmail the Free French, and the *affaire* Manier, with which the Free French successfully counter-blackmailed the British (as a result, both these shady "secret-agent" cases were dropped; de Gaulle tells the story with visible relish), I found, I regret to say, extraordinarily little in this second volume of *War Memoirs* that was new to me. In view of all the excitement engendered by the book's publication in the United States, three years after its publication in France, it may seem boorish to dismiss it as "old hat." Yet what is there in these memoirs that we didn't know before? That de Gaulle was "difficult" both with Churchill and Roosevelt? De Gaulle himself told us all about it in his first volume, where he fully explained why he had to make himself as difficult as possible, if he weren't to be bullied into submission by his overwhelmingly stronger partners. Churchill himself has devoted quite a substantial part of his *Second World War* to showing how hard it was for him to bear the Cross of Lorraine. All the same, Churchill had a sneaking admiration for de Gaulle; temperamentally, the two men had a great deal in common. Roosevelt, on the other hand, thought de Gaulle a major nuisance. He found him personally irritating; he also seems to have felt that Churchill's "romanticism" was in some way to blame for this undeserved build-up of an obscure French two-star general.

Many books have been written—Jacques Soustelle's two-volume work, for instance—to describe the World War II struggle for supremacy between a French-backed de Gaulle and an American-backed Giraud, and to record the overwhelming victory won by the former, despite all American efforts to sabotage him. It was many months before a hitherto hesitant Eisenhower frankly admitted to de Gaulle that the United States had been backing the wrong horse, an admission which made de Gaulle like Ike—up to a point.

In *France 1940-1955* I myself discussed these North African conflicts in some detail; the main conclusion I then arrived at was that the State Department (and, in the first place, Robert Murphy) was ready to make a deal with Vichy, or with Vichyite leaders who, having lost faith in a German victory, were now eager to jump to the Americans. Why? Because Washington seems to have been guided throughout by the rather primitive idea that de Gaulle, for all his patriotism, was really the man of the French Resistance; and, in Metropolitan France, at any rate, the Resistance was largely run by the Communists. The dread of a Communist-dominated de Gaulle was such that the United States tried in August, 1944, as we now know, to help Laval and Herriot "restore" the Third Republic and thus block de Gaulle from starting any sort of New Deal. That the general was a conservative at heart and would not take long to smash the Resistance somehow never occurred to the State Department.

After de Gaulle had finally won the North African battle against Giraud and the Americans, his next battle was for "French sovereignty"; his greatest nightmare was that France should be ruled by AMGOT. To crush any AMGOT plans, de Gaulle was readier than ever to ally himself (provisionally) with the French Communists; if the devil himself had been French, he would have joined forces with the devil, and made him Vice Premier. And he hated Roosevelt because Roosevelt treated France as a minor power, whose contribution to the victory over Nazi Germany was bound to be insignificant.

This whole story is familiar, terribly familiar. De Gaulle tells it well; his snarling at Roosevelt makes entertaining reading, if you're in the mood for it; but I find the story contains many (obviously quite deliberate) gaps. Thus de Gaulle talks in only very general terms about the French Resistance, without dwelling on the radical nature of the home Resistance which was so profoundly different from the "national" and military Resistance that de Gaulle primarily represented. If the President of France has time to write the promised third volume, no doubt he will tell us something about it; but the main theme of this second volume is simply his struggle for "national sovereignty"—against Vichy, against Hitler and against France's own allies.

REVIEWERS in other papers have made much of the fact that this book "explains" the present de Gaulle. What it explains much more clearly, I think, is his whole subsequent policy in 1944 and 1945. To get away from the "insulting" patronage of the United States, de Gaulle attempted his famous policy of "between East and West"; my greatest regret is that the book contains no account of de Gaulle's visit to Stalin at the end of 1944. It does explain the towering rage with which he reacted to the expulsion of France from Syria by the British soon after VE day; worse still, it shows how his passion for French prestige was at the root of the Indo-China war. It was de Gaulle's henchman, Thierry d'Argenlieu, who was principally responsible for rejecting any settlement with Ho Chi-minh in 1946 and in embarking on a disastrous eight-year war, followed by its North African sequel. Fourteen years of colonial wars!

And today? Well, after his years of meditation at Colombey, de Gaulle has become a mellower man. He is a liberal in Black Africa; no doubt he would, at heart, like to be a liberal in Algeria, though as a soldier he finds it hard to go against the Army leaders—except the most openly Fascist amongst them. As before, he is obsessed by French Greatness. His minister, André Malraux, said

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the other day that, thanks to the Sahara oil, France would soon be able to speak to the USSR "almost as an equal"; no doubt he also meant the U.S. De Gaulle wants to be master in his own house; NATO, okay, but only on France's own terms; she must belong to the Nuclear Club; and if the U.S. and Britain won't treat her as an equal, she will force them to do it by ganging up with Adenauer. It is not true that he likes the Germans; insofar as he can like any foreigners at all, he probably likes them less than the British and the Americans; he is merely trying to play a balance-of-power game which, he thinks, will benefit France. I once called de Gaulle a "noble anachronism." When de Gaulle returned to power, several people asked me if I was prepared to eat my impious words. I am not at all sure that I am. For when I hear de Gaulle's generals in Algiers talk now about the French Army being the spearhead in the imminent great battle between East and West, and daydreaming aloud about a "battlefield stretching all the way from Brest to the Urals," I find it anachronistic, though no longer very noble.

American Grain

OUT OF OUR PAST. By Carl N. Degler. Harper & Bros. 484 pp. $6.

Jacob Cohen

CROCE'S DICTUM that all history is present history is often misconstrued to mean that history, by projecting present problems and meanings upon the past, is capriciously subjective. Croce meant something more respectable than that. He would never have denied the historian's responsibility to interpret the past in its own terms, but he wished to show also that it is only through an awareness of his contemporaneity that man is led to examine and interpret history. Carl Degler's *Out of Our Past,* aptly subtitled "The Forces that Shaped Modern America," illustrates the best in Crocean historiography, and is also, in my opinion—let me put it precisely—the finest one-volume interpretation of American history extant.

Degler quite frankly interprets American history from his awareness of the present. Because his is a comprehensive awareness, straddling the manifold economic, social, political and intellectual forms which comprise the American experience, his reading of America's past is also manifold and comprehensive. But never tendentious. Degler is pre-eminently a historian. If he consciously selects his topics from the perspective of the present, he is not in any hurry to leave the past, and is never impatient with it. (As an earlier generation of contemporary-minded historians, for example James Harvey Robinson, often was.) Degler continually pauses to comment upon problems in current dispute and by wielding his critical acumen and presence of mind often resolves them brilliantly. Thus he dates the emergence of American slavery and racism much earlier in the seventeenth century than does the eminent Oscar Handlin. He restates the problem of radicalism and conservatism during the late eighteenth century with fidelity to the politics of that era and admirable insulation from the current confusion over these terms. And in his rendering of the Progressive Era he combines the best of Richard Hofstadter's celebrated interpretation with a telling critique of that interpretation.

One result of his method, and I think of his temperament, is that Degler strongly emphasizes the continuity and homogeneity of American history. America's revolutions are seen as basically conservative revolutions. Like Louis Hartz and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Degler views the history of American

JACOB COHEN teaches modern social history at Yale. He is completing a book on relativism in recent American thought.

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political thought as variations on a theme of pervasive Lockianism rather than as the conflict of fundamentally antagonistic ideologies. Far back into our past he traces the emerging pattern of America's casteless society; of a populace whose mentality and aspirations, if not their incomes, have been almost unanimously middle class; of a political rhetoric (and often performance) persistently humanitarian, egalitarian, individualistic and legalistic. Degler does not deny the pluralistic aspects of America, and his pages on the continuing contributions of the immigrant to American history are exemplary. America, he insists, is a tossed salad rather than a melting pot. But even tossed salad, he is quick to show, is eaten whole, from the same bowl.

Thus, for all of Degler's attention to nuance and detail, his is an America taken as-a-piece. And a unique piece as well, as he demonstrates by pausing to compare aspects of American history with their foreign counterparts. Although his scope is more modest, Degler is far more successful in rendering the order and uniqueness of American civilization than was Max Lerner in his copious study published last year.

My main criticism is that Degler's sense of continuity has led him to understate the revolutionary aspects of recent American history. To be sure, he recognizes that, beginning in roughly 1930, what he terms the "Third American Revolution" introduced changes-in-kind to the American scene: altering America's traditional adherence to *laissez-faire* economics; substituting "Countervailing Powers" for individual competition; replacing individuality and boldness with conformity and security. Yet Degler does not indicate how comprehensive this revolution really is. In my opinion, every important aspect of American life has been altered by the Third American Revolution. In the face of these changes it becomes a historical duty of the highest priority to ascertain precisely the degree to which the forces from our past are actually operative in the present. Is American character today a variation on an old theme, or has it changed in some fundamental way? Is the structure of American economic organization today so deeply altered that, for the first time in history, the traditional philosophy and rhetoric of American economic ideals are not only irrelevant but pernicious? Has the condition of American political discussion in the mid-twentieth century reached a point where adherence to old slogans and shibboleths is not only burdensome but historically debilitating? Mr. Degler stops short of raising such questions. Nevertheless, his book will be an indispensable aid in solving them.

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ART

Fairfield Porter

THE exhibition by Willem de Kooning, which has just closed at the Janis Gallery, was an event. It has always been so with De Kooning; his first exhibition in 1948 established for the public what the painters who went to his studio already knew: that a painting by De Kooning has a certain superiority to one by any other painter, which is that it is first-hand, deep and clear. A painter of my acquaintance said of De Kooning, "He leaves a vacuum behind him."

The phrase "abstract-expressionist" is now seen to mean "paintings of the school of De Kooning" who stands out from them as Giotto stood out from his contemporary realists who broke with the Byzantine conventions of Sienna. The paintings are very big, approximately square; or if small, in the same big scale; in very broad strokes of a house painter's wide brushes, with a dry speed and some spatter; in deep ultramarine, a brownish pink, a very high-keyed yellow green, a cool bright yellow, white and a little black. They represent nothing, though landscape, not figures or still life, is suggested. The colors are intense — not "bright," not "primary" — but intensely themselves, as if each color had been freed to be. The few large strokes, parallel to the frame and at V angles, also have this freed quality. So does the simple organization, the strange but simple color, the directions and the identification with speed. And in the same way that the colors are intensely themselves, so is the apparent velocity always exactly believable and appropriate. There is that elementary principle of organization in any art that nothing gets in anything else's way, and everything is at its own limit of possibilities. What does this do to the person who looks at the paintings? This: the picture presented of released possibilities, of ordinary qualities existing at their fullest limits and acting harmoniously together — this picture is exalting. That is perhaps the general image. The paintings also remind one of nature, of autumn, say, but autumn essentially, released from the usual sentimental and adventitious load of personal and irrelevant associations. The names of the paintings are misleading (*Lizbeth's Painting, Ruth's Zowie, September Morn*). They are partial, they do not tell all, they do not tell what the painting may have come from (which it may be impossible to verbalize) so much as what the painting partly in each case became. The first incorporates a child's hand prints.

Abstraction in these paintings has a different significance from that in other abstractions. Thus there is an abstract element in classical Florentine painting which says that the deepest reality is tactile: what is real is what you can touch. For the Impressionists, light counted most, for the post-Impressionists, geometry. Or the Bauhaus painters said that mathematics is the most real thing. Nor is there in De Kooning's paintings the idea that abstraction is the historically most valid form today: which might be called the sociological basis for abstraction. All these theories put something ahead of the painting, something that the painting refers to, that it leans on, and if this is removed, the painting may often fall.

Once music was not abstract, but representational, representing a secular tale or ballad, or a religious ritual. When the first abstract music was made there was a release of energy, and people expressed something about sounds in terms of some instrument that was not verbal. After this the human significance of music was also released, and in this

MAURICE GROSSER is at peresent in North Africa. During his absence we shall publish occasional guest columns. The first of these is by FAIRFIELD PORTER, painter and critic.

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way, De Kooning's abstractions, which are in terms of the instrument, release human significances that cannot be expressed verbally. It is as though his painting reached a different level of consciousness than painting that refers to a theory of aesthetics, or that refers to any sort of program: in short any painting that is extensively verbalized. His meaning is not that the paintings have Meaning, like certain vast canvases notable for the difficulty of containing them in any given space. Nor is their meaning that They Have Not Been Done Before. Nor is it the romanticizing of nature, as with the West Coast abstractionists. The vacuum they leave behind them is a vacuum in accomplishment, in significance and in genuineness. No one else whose paintings can be in any way considered to resemble his reaches his level.

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

WHEN a show fails, you can usually filter out from the debacle a whole series of contributing errors. But when a show succeeds, the triumph is apt to look so inevitable that you can only wonder why success occurs so seldom. *Gypsy,* for example: this new show at the Broadway Theatre looks as easy as swinging in a hammock. True, it has intelligence, imagination, talent and taste, but are these virtues so rare in America's thriving commercial theatre? A good question, if rhetorical.

Anyhow, *Gypsy* is a soaring delight: funny, moving, brilliant, satiric, beautiful, bitter, perceptive, rowdy—in short, great. It is based on a valid story and put together by experienced theatre people who knew exactly what they wanted to achieve and who made no mistakes at all. This results in a steady progress, a consistent tone and a general relevance that can best be summed up in the generalization, style. It would be boring if I were to list the whole roster of credits, inserting a rapturous phrase after each name. But, for the record, here are the principal heroes of the occasion: *Gypsy* is produced by David Merrick and Leland Hayward, the book is by Arthur Laurents (from the memoirs of Gypsy Rose Lee), the music by Jule Styne, the lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; Jerome Robbins directed, the sets are by Jo Mielziner, the costumes by Raoul Pene du Bois; the three leading performers are Ethel Merman, Sandra Church and Jack Klugman. That summary, however, by no means exhausts the talent—if I could, I would list every name in the program, right down to House Physician Benjamin A. Gilbert, who I am prepared to believe is the best all-around medical man practicing between Times Square and Columbus Circle.

What gives *Gypsy* depth and substance is the tension between its surface pleasures and the underlying bitterness of its story. It is, for a wonder, a musical based on an ugly state of affairs. June Havoc and her sister Louise were the child slaves of a mother driven by the fury of frustrated ambition. From babyhood, they toured the third-rate vaudeville houses of the country in a dreadful song and dance act of their mother's concoction. June was the star; Louise, in boy's clothes, was her untalented support; there was a chorus of dejected moppets. This "child act" continued long after its performers had ceased to be children; in fact, the ordeal went on until June eloped with the troupe's male dancer. Mother, her ego courageously surviving this betrayal, rebuilt the act around the faithful Louise. Then one fateful and starving week, they were booked into a burlesque house. They had been hired as a sop to the police, but on their last night one of the theatre's regular artistes failed to return from the saloon and the hangdog Louise was pushed out through the curtains as that new and sensational stripper, Gypsy Rose Lee.

What sort of woman the mother really was I do not know. For the purposes of Ethel Merman she is drawn as a creature of powerful earthy charm; witty, resourceful, courageous, infectiously optimistic—in sum, a monster of unrealized talents. This gives Miss Merman scope to display her thoroughly realized talents. Even so, it must have cost her some anxiety to take on the part. Successful entertainers do not act; they project themselves. Unlike actors, therefore, they will usually refuse hostile parts as damaging to the carefully constructed image. The last exception I can recall was Bing Crosby in the movie of *The Country Girl;* Miss Merman's part is not that cruel, but it falls short of being endearing.

It is also not customary for the star of a big show to work like a stevedore for just short of two hours and then to turn the climax of the evening over to a relatively unknown actress. The last twenty minutes of *Gypsy* belong to Sandra Church. Miss Merman, it is true, has the last song, but what you carry home with you is the memory of Miss Church prowling the stage in that strange, ritualistic stripper's lope. Every stripper needs a gimmick, the show says in one of its most uproarious scenes. Gypsy Rose Lee's gimmick was refinement, and Miss Church, who suddenly emerges out of misery into heart-pounding loveliness, shows precisely how the gimmick worked. It is beautiful mimicry, and it is beautiful sex.

I should have placed in the honor role above Karen Moore and Jacqueline Mayro, who play Louise and June when they were genuine children. They are the horrible essence of juvenile talent and their performances are one of the feats of Mr. Robbins' almost miraculous direction. I will just add that Jack Klugman, playing Mother Rose's lover and the act's booking agent—an intelligent and sensitive man who sweats with weakness—gives a performance more eloquent than you will often see on the dramatic stage; that Mr. Styne's music is crisp and witty, that Mr. Mielziner and Mr. du Bois have put to-

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gether a set of beautiful stage pictures which are also full of funny and nostalgic comment and that the show boasts the most elegant two-man dancing cow in recent stage history. Then I will stop —I sound to myself like a water spaniel wagging his tail over a piece of steak. Still, how often does the musical theatre serve steak?

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

EPISODES, a new ballet set to the orchestral works of Anton Webern, is one of the strangest and most interesting creations ever to enter the repertory of the New York City Ballet. The strangeness derives in part from the fact that it is the product of two choreographers, each of whom has a distinct manner of expression. The first major section, a story-telling, modern-dance interpretation of the last minutes in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, was created by Martha Graham who, surrounded by her own company, dances the leading role. The second half, by George Balanchine, is performed by members of the New York City Ballet. Balanchine has employed his most advanced, abstract style, and it follows that there is no literary content. The subject is pure movement and form, wherein the choreographer mirrors the Webern musical structures, as earlier he created a visual counterpart for Stravinsky's *Agon.* Another individual element in the new work is a solo appearance by the young modern dancer, Paul Taylor, in a penultimate episode set to Webern's Opus 30 *Variations.* Since Mr. Taylor's style of dancing is neither Graham nor Balanchine (choreography was ascribed to the latter), his solo acts as a bridge between the two styles, as well as an exhibition of his own individuality.

One could reasonably predict chaos from the heterogeneous elements thus drawn together in *Episodes.* After all, was not modern dance created in specific reaction against the "formalism" of ballet? Even though Balanchine has incorporated into his vocabulary many movements and ideas both from modern dance and from the sources behind modern dance, would not his elegant, detailed, classic style clash with, and in a sense neutralize, the angular masses conceived by Martha Graham? The answer is, basically, no. Indeed, at this point in the twentieth century, it begins to look as if a number of different rebellions have succeeded so well that they can now afford to join forces.

Martha Graham's section of the evening was immensely handsome: stark, simple and elemental in both color and movement. Mary appeared first in a black gown with a stiffly angled train. Because of the worried slant it gave her body, this lent an air of agonized introspection to her every movement. A swift on-stage costume change left the gown standing, unsupported, upon a rising stairway, like a specter, while the protagonist, in a pale under-costume, danced her pathetic love for power-hungry Bothwell (Bertram Ross). A final change to red velvet prepared her for the executioner's block. Elizabeth (Sallie Wilson) was costumed in gold. Descending from the high throne where she made her first appearance, she moved slowly down handsome scaffolding stairs, looking like a figure in bas-relief, as she was led by a black-tighted executioner.

The Balanchine portion of the joint ballet began with Webern's Symphony, Opus 21. As if he wanted to nail down the difference between his and Martha Graham's concept of dance, Balanchine displayed his company at first in movements so stripped of emotion, mass, or connotative meaning that they seemed almost an animated anatomy lesson—a dispassionate, clinical examining of the joints and muscles. The dancers were clad in rehearsal tights, thus accenting the break with the opulent scene which preceded it. It was an audacious beginning, but only further viewings of *Episodes* will tell whether it was also inspired. In this episode, Violette Verdy, Jonathan Watts, Barbara Walczak, Roy Tobias, Diane Consoer, Roland Vazquez, Francia Russell and Richard Rapp carried off immensely difficult assignments with the insouciance that marks Balanchine dancers executing Balanchine choreography.

Balanchine embodied Webern's Five Pieces, Opus 10, in a brilliant *pas de deux* for the extraordinary gifts of Diana Adams and Jacques d'Amboise. Again in this episode choreographic audacity even exceeding that of *Agon* made every phrase startling. Where the eye expected an upward gesture or a punctuation, a downward one, or a subtle, static deflation was forthcoming. Arms wriggled with difficulty through openings too small for them; heads seemed consistently *de trop.* At one important point, with a consciously blank expression, Mr. d'Amboise carried his partner upside down to a corner of the darkening stage, her legs extended upward in a huge V. Together the two looked like a tremendous insect, and as in many other portions of this *pas de deux,* it was difficult to know whether Balanchine had intended to parody Webern's music, whether he had done so unintentionally, or whether one was missing the point. The audience found it all highly amusing.

Paul Taylor's solo episode, which followed shortly thereafter, was a bright, complicated (again, occasionally humorous) spot in the ballet. Mr. Taylor is as lanky and adept at game-playing as Todd Bolender, with the additional mechanical advantage that, when he so desires, he can dispense completely with any angles in his inherent structure. Dressed in short, rough white tights and shirt, with bare feet and blazing blue eyes, he had immense presence, and made good sense out of extremely complicated material.

The final episode was set to Webern's orchestration of the Bach *Ricercata in six voices* from the *Musical Offering.* As if the combination of aesthetic elements was not already sumptuous enough, we were treated now to Baroque music, to which Balanchine set dancing so apposite that one could miss neither the change of pace nor the sense of conclusion. In this section, a group of dancers led by Melissa Hayden and Francisco Moncion was directed into patterns and movements so gentle that they seemed almost like part of an underwater ballet. Here and there, a small, strange contortion reminded the viewer that less serene episodes had occurred earlier, but the major meaning of the section was blue quietness and repose.

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(Continued from Page 516)

they meet Moroccans primarily as guides, as waiters, as over-insistent salesmen. Even with this limited contact, some have changed their original opinions of their hosts. "Before I got here I thought the Arabs were all wild," said Mrs. G. "But they're really very civilized. Some of them are very intelligent. I had no idea!" However, a commander at Port Lyautey expressed a more usual viewpoint: "If we have to leave here I'd like to see them go over the whole base with a bulldozer. But I'm afraid we'll just turn it over to the Moroccans and then they'll be growing mint in the bathtubs. They'd never use them for baths."

HOW LONG will the U.S. bases remain in Morocco? One thing is certain: the value of the bases will end when two technological changes occur: perfection by the United States of an ICBM capable of reaching any point in the Soviet Union from beneath the polar ice-cap; and development by the Soviet Union of ground-to-air missiles accurate enough to knock down any jet bomber.

For U.S. military planners, the problem is to hold on to the bases until that time—five or more years in the future. But how can this be accomplished in the face of the Moroccan government's opposition? In an article in *The New York Times* (February 25, 1959) C. L. Sulzberger suggests that the negotiations now in course might be protracted indefinitely, "until we no longer require bases here—facilities without formal contract." The writer cites the importance to the Moroccan economy of $40 million a year in direct U.S. aid, plus the dollars contributed by the existence of the bases. He feels that "the sovereign and his wiser statesmen see the problem in its real terms," and "some political leaders [are] personally complacent about the existence of our bases. . . ."

Moroccan political leaders with whom we have spoken firmly reject the notion that their country's policy can be reversed by the pressure of the dollar. "If the United States thinks that that is the price for keeping the bases, we will gladly make them a present of their $40 million," Abdullah Ibrahim informed us. "We

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- **The basis alleged:** That their reports and opinions on the Korean conflict went contrary to official policy.
- **Where they stand today:** The "sedition" indictment, brought in April, 1956, remains unresolved. So does the new "treason" charge. While years go by, the defendants live under the shadow of grave but inconclusive accusations—harassed, financially ruined, unable to function in our free society.

Americans who love freedom are justly indignant at the abuse of dissenting writers in all countries. Should not that include our own?

WHAT YOU CAN DO

We believe that this prosecution, handed down from a less sober time, is a burden and embarrassment to our present Government. We believe our responsible Government leaders will recognize its damaging effect on our national prestige. We urge you to write your Senators, your Congressman, and Attorney General William P. Rogers, encouraging the most constructive course—the withdrawal of the Powell-Schuman prosecution.

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only want relations that will strengthen our friendship with the American people, not cause bitterness and hostility. But in any case it is to the United States' interests to go on helping us. They also want to preserve stability in Morocco."

Nor, according to Ibrahim, can the United States count on "personally complacent" political leaders to accept the continued existence of the bases under cover of a promise to evacuate them eventually. "The principle of evacuation is no longer a question," Ibrahim stated. "Last year the American government was informed of this position. We intend to keep negotiations open, but not to allow them to drag on for years. We absolutely will not sign any lease. The only delays in evacuation we will agree to are those technically justified."

The Prime Minister is unwilling to speculate on what could be done if negotiations fail to dislodge the bases. He insists on his hope that "The United States will realize that its own true interest is to conserve our friendship and get out before the air becomes unbreathable."

TODAY, there exists no imminent threat of violence hanging over U.S.-Moroccan relations. The withdrawal of French and Spanish troops, the recovery of territories still under colonialist rule, unemployment, education, industrial development, land reform—all are more urgent problems. But this situation could change. As Ibrahim noted, no Moroccan government can allow negotiations to drag on indefinitely. A year from now, Morocco might have to resort to a powerful political weapon: a get-out ultimatum to be followed by an appeal to the United Nations against what is juridically a *prima facie* case of aggression. Such an appeal would place the United States in a highly embarrassing position; and if it still refused to evacuate, an outbreak of nationalist violence would be a real danger.

In the interim, any one of several possible occurrences—a flare-up in the Middle East, a spectacular crime by a U.S. soldier, an atomic accident—could convert the slogan "Evacuation of American bases," into an immediate and explosive political issue.

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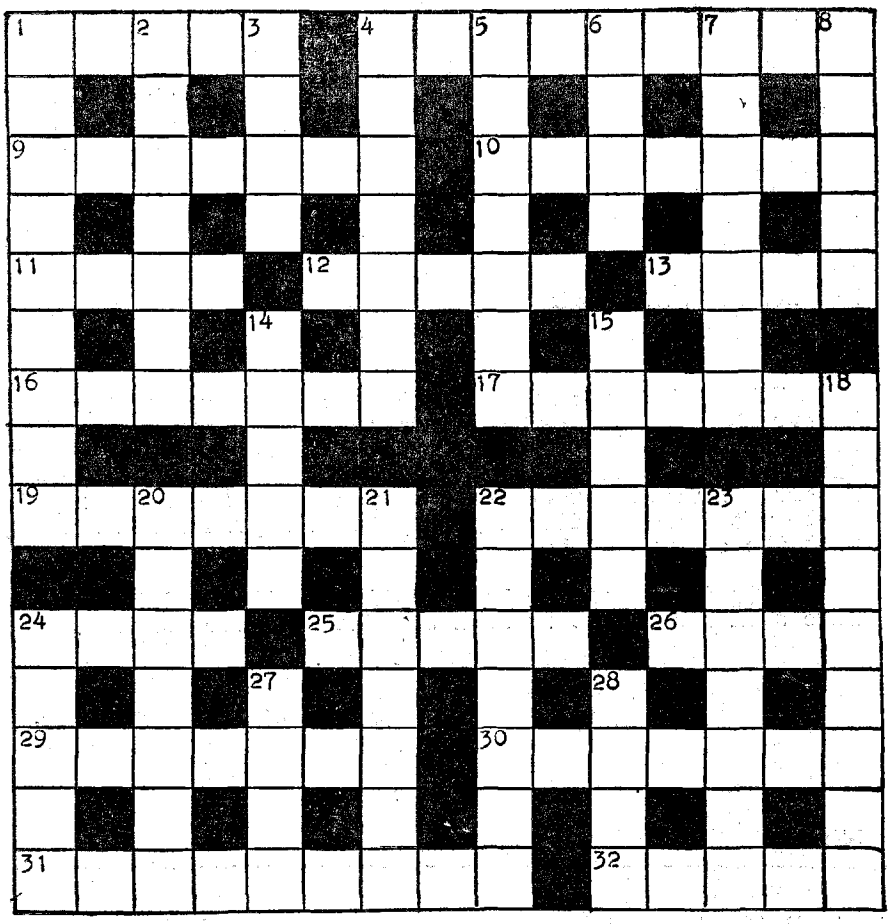
Crossword Puzzle No. 823

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 General accord? (5)
4 Just the sort of girlies to make such things as the Ring! (9)
9 Wells associated with a historical one — something like a boundary.
10 and 11 How to get gnus with blunderbusses? (11)
13 How often we see it in the case of Ponce de Leon! (4)
16 When not illegal or fattening? (7)
17 and 25 Toll — healthy, too! (5, 2, 1, 4)
19 Figures out sounds? (7)
22 Concisely, a cheese insect? (7)
24 and 12 As a usual thing, a meeting of controlling factors? (9)
26 A reasonable facsimile, if the heroine went on to weep! (4)
29 Was it stated in 1912? (7)
30 Argue against getting in five, but not quite eight. (7)
31 and 4 down Twist —— Anglo-Saxon, and knowing! (7, 2, 3, 4)
32 Continues to be responsible for the shape of Oxford? (5)

DOWN:

1 The best sign of sorrow implies a certain exasperation! (4, 5)
2 Black to white, according to the friend of Caesar, J. (7)
3 Not a very substantial sort of hint!
5 Cyrano dwelt on the various kinds.
6 Tryggvesson obviously could make good bread. (4)
7 How Edwin is sometimes shortened and recited. (7)
8 Standing waiters reputedly do. (5)
14 Does only an introspective layer?
15 He played at cards with my Campaspe. (5)
18 Stars? (9)
20 Leaning towards nursing as a profession? (7)
21 Graduates up to the Wife's town in one day. (7)
22 It might show how much you owe with something charged in large amount. (7)
23 Arise, if at the bottom of the garden! (7)
24 Brush feed. (5)
27 Places to look for spring to be sprung? (4)
28 A good thing to live down? Quite the contrary! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 822

ACROSS: 1 Circumscription; 9 Avoided; 10 Gelatin; 11 Galore; 12 Prisoner; 14 Obtainable; 15 Reef; 17 Sack; 19 Trespasses; 22 Epaulets; 23 Hawaii; 25 Elegiac; 26 Aeolian; 27 You never can tell! DOWN: 1 Change of scenery; 2 Rootlet; 3 Underbid; 4 Soda; 5 Regardless; 6 Polish; 7 Intense; 8 Nonprofessional; 13 Sabretache; 16 Macaroon; 18 Chateau; 20 Sea mile; 21 Sluice; 24 Laic.

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DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

May 20, 1959

Mr. Carey McWilliams, Editor
The Nation
333 6th Avenue
New York 14, New York

Dear Mr. McWilliams:

I have just read your May 16 issue presenting Campus Report #3 and it is extremely interesting reading indeed. We believe it would be of value to have our entire faculty and the members of our Student Government read the entire report. I wonder, therefore, if you could inform me first as to the availability of 50 copies of reprints and second, what the cost would be?

This is one of the best studies of its kind that I have seen and I hope it will be available for our use.

Very truly yours,

Robert Kirkwood

Robert Kirkwood
Dean of the College

RK:me

Who said today's college campus is dead? Touch students or faculty on a sensitive nerve, and they jump like everyone else. Dean Kirkwood's warm tribute, for which we are grateful, symbolizes the kind of reaction we received not only from "Campus Report No. 3," but from the two preceding reports—"The Careful Young Men" (March 9, 1957) and "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" (May 17, 1958).

Do you want more proof that today's campuses are very much alive? John C. Esty, Jr.'s, article on "Draft-Dodger or Patriot?", which appeared in our issue of January 10, this year, was reprinted or commented upon editorially in twenty-five campus publications, ranging from the Harvard *Crimson* to the *Capaha Arrow* of Southeast Missouri State College.

In case you haven't already guessed, the college world reads *The Nation.*

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